CAPS 1938 AND CAPES

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

Ex

Libris

CAPS *and* CAPES

of

NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-EIGHT

Published by the

SENIOR CLASS OF CHARITY HOSPITAL
SCHOOL OF NURSING AT NEW ORLEANS

Affiliated with

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY

QUOTATION

"Nursing is an art, the finest of the Fine Arts, and if an art, it requires as hard a preparation as any painter's or sculptor's work. For what is having to do with dead canvas or cold marble, compared to having to do with living body?"

—Florence Nightingale "Notes on Nursing"

THE NIGHTINGALE PLEDGE

I SOLEMNLY PLEDGE MYSELF BEFORE GOD AND IN THE PRESENCE OF THIS ASSEMBLY:

TO PASS MY LIFE IN PURITY AND TO PRACTICE MY PROFESSION FAITHFULLY.

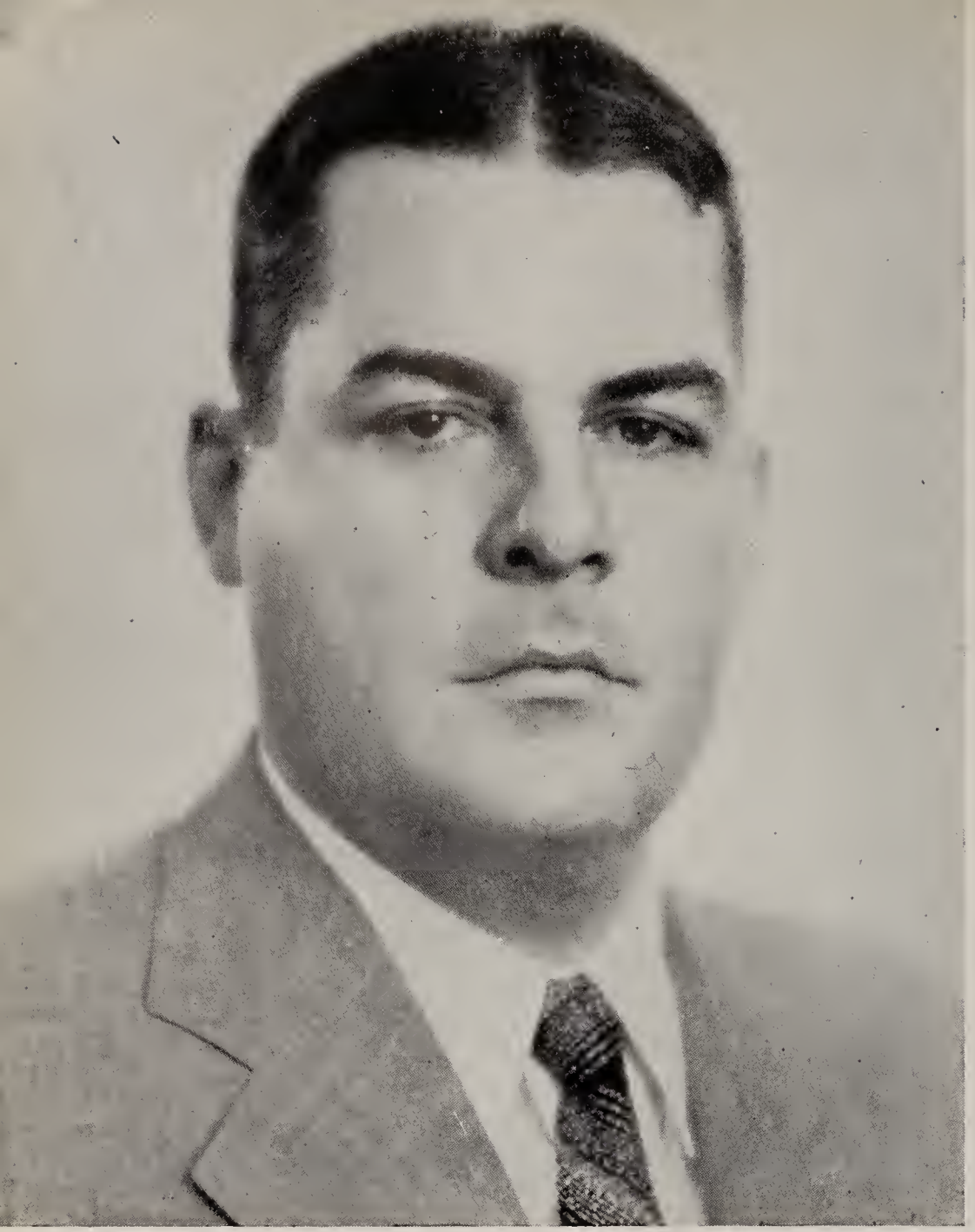
I WILL ABSTAIN FROM WHATEVER IS DELETERIOUS AND MISCHIEVOUS, AND WILL NOT TAKE OR KNOWINGLY ADMINISTER ANY HARMFUL DRUG.

I WILL DO ALL IN MY POWER TO ELEVATE THE STANDARD OF MY PROFESSION, AND WILL HOLD IN CONFIDENCE ALL PERSONAL MATTERS COMMITTED TO MY KEEPING AND ALL FAMILY AFFAIRS COMING TO MY KNOWLEDGE IN THE PRACTICE OF MY PROFESSION.

WITH LOYALTY WILL I ENDEAVOR TO AID THE PHYSICIAN IN HIS WORK, AND DEVOTE MYSELF TO THE WELFARE OF THOSE COMMITTED TO MY CARE.

E, THE SENIORS OF 1938, wish to pay our humble tribute of appreciation to our own Sister Stanislaus, Director of Nurses, for her unfailing interest, her remarkable inspiration, and her motherly advice, by dedicating this our first edition of CAPS AND CAPES to her. Truly, she has been the bright and shining light of our Nursing School days.

SISTER STANISLAUS

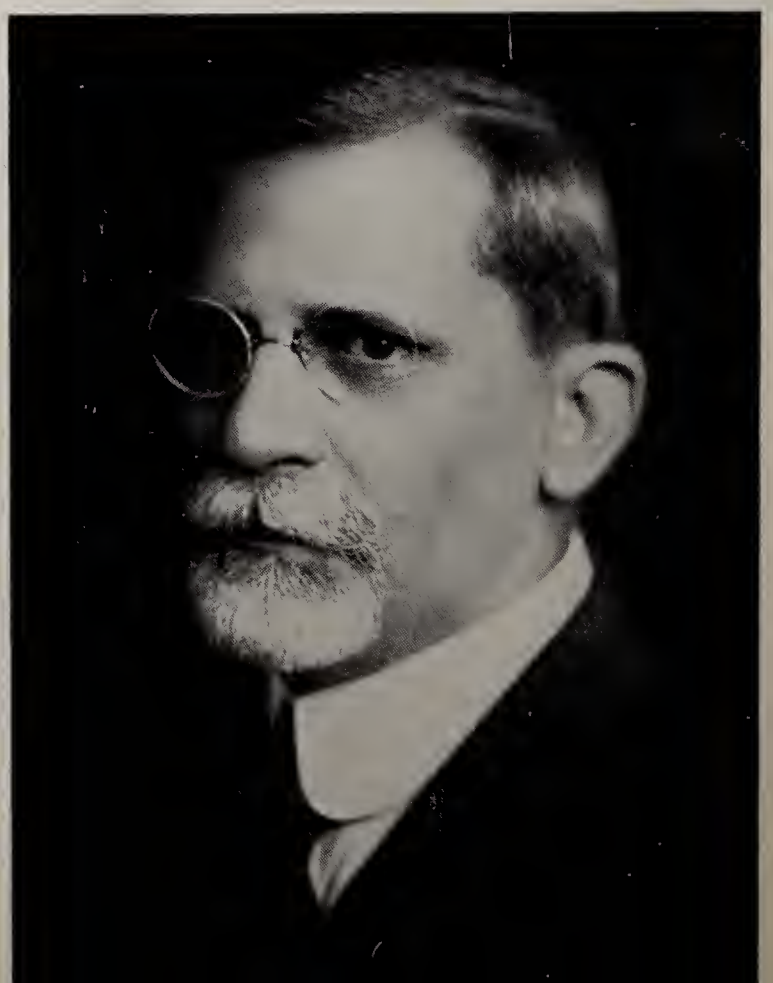


GOVERNOR RICHARD W. LECHE

Friends

Administrators, nay more—friends and benefactors, for His Excellency and our esteemed Director have proven, in countless instances, their friendly interest in all that concerns the School of Nursing. To both, then, we wish to express sincere appreciation. Especially, do we extend deep gratitude to Doctor Bel who made this book possible. In return, we pledge our loyalty to this grand old institution so replete with tradition and so challenging in its constant march of progress.

GEORGE S. BEL, M. D.
Director of Charity Hospital



Board of Administrators

GOVERNOR RICHARD W. LECHE
Ex-Officio President

CHARLES J. RIVET
Vice-President

B. C. CASANAS
T. J. DARCY
JOHN L. DIASSELLIS
J. A. DUMAINE
RICHARD FOSTER
W. D. PHILLIPS, M. D.
E. F. SALERNO, M. D.

FRED W. MATTHEWS,
Secretary-Treasurer

ROY W. WRIGHT, M. D.
Assistant Director of Charity Hospital

RIGNEY D'AUNOY, M. D.
Dean of the School of Medicine of Louisiana State University

Charity Hospital

1937-1938

DR. J. O. WEILBAECHER, JR., *Chief Medical Officer*

RESIDENTS

MEDICINE

L. S. U.	TULANE	INDEPENDENT
Dr. J. E. Blum, Jr., Junior	Dr. R. J. St. Martin, Ass't.	Dr. C. S. Fresh, Junior
Dr. L. F. Holland, Junior	Dr. A. N. Lewis, Ass't.	Dr. G. L. Gardiner, Ass't.
Dr. D. E. Fader, Ass't.	Dr. D. J. Richard, Ass't.	
Dr. R. E. Selser, Ass't.		

DERMATOLOGY AND SYPHILOLOGY

Dr. J. B. Colligan, Junior

PEDIATRICS

Dr. J. M. Wright, Junior — Dr. W. W. Kelton, Junior

SURGERY

Dr. H. R. Kahle, Senior	Dr. L. S. Charbonnet, Jr., Senior	Dr. C. B. Odom, Senior
Dr. N. A. Cox, 2nd Ass't.	Dr. F. T. Gidman, 2nd Ass't.	Dr. L. B. Leggio, 1st Ass't.
Dr. F. A. DeJean, 2nd Ass't.	Dr. R. W. Vincent, 2nd Ass't.	

OBSTETRICS AND GYNECOLOGY

Dr. R. G. Masterson, Junior — Dr. W. D. Beacham, Junior
Dr. J. H. Mullins, Junior — Dr. G. A. Varino, Junior

OPHTHALMOLOGY AND OTO-RHINO-LARYNGOLOGY

Dr. J. D. Magee, Jr., Junior — Dr. R. B. Payne, Junior — Dr. George Haik, Senior
Dr. J. L. Kellum, Junior

ORTHOPEDICS

Dr. M. C. Kolczun, Junior

UROLOGY

Dr. Gilbert Tomskey, Junior — Dr. A. Perez, Junior — Dr. D. E. Hodges, Senior

DENTISTRY
(All Units)

Dr. E. L. Richard

RADIOLOGY
(All Units)

Dr. R. W. Cooper, Senior
Dr. J. B. Irwin, Junior

Charity Hospital Internes

1937-1938

Ayres, William Wesley
Barkoff, Samuel A.
Bishop, Clarence Alvin
Booth, Edgar Waldo
Boudreaux, Raymond Eugene
Boyd, Virginia Hawkins
Cahen, Irvin
Campbell, Guy
Chustz, James Abram
Claverie, Eugene Hypolite
Condie, Dominic S.
Crawford, Walter James
Dalton, Orien Earl
Daspit, Dudley Joseph
Dyer, John Doyle
Economou, James George
Elkins, Oliver Wayne
Ellender, Rudolph Dennis
Ellington, Joseph Cobb
Eubanks, Littleton Havard
Fisher, William Gauthier
Foregger, Richard
Fourrier, Daniel Joseph
Frantz, William Edward
Gauthier, William Kohlman
Giuffre, Philip Peter
Goldstein, Nathan
Gomila, Frank Raymond, Jr.
Graham, Duncan Gordon
Graves, James Alden
Hays, Arthur Vernon
Holcombe, Richard Gordon, Jr.
Howell, Charles Maitland, Jr.
Johnson, Adrian Zang
Johnson, Pearce Sherwood
Kelleher, Richard Coty
Keller, Clifford LaDore
Kopfler, Marion Elmer
Kurzweg, Paul Henry
Leidenheimer, Henry, Jr.
Levert, Edward Louis
Lockhart, Eleanor
Maltry, Emile
Montgomery, Robert Edward
Morrough, Lailor Anthony
Munger, Robert Sylvester
Ogden, Frederick William
Prejean, Oran Vincent
Patton, William Hugh, Jr.
Polik, Emile
Rabalais, Robert Roy
Rabinowitz, Carl Hirsch
Ravenal, Joseph Archer
Reeves, James Truman
Rogers, Gordon Keith
Schroff, Jerome
Scott, Wood Henderson
Sonnier, Lee Joseph
Stephenson, Richard Taylor
Thomas, William Francis
West, Edwin Hudson
Wexler, Bertha Natalie
Williams, Donald Burt
Williams, John Watkins, Jr.

FACULTY

TO you, dear Sisters, Doctors, Faculty, Nursing Staff, and others who so kindly guided us through these three years, we wish to express our sincere gratitude.

It is you who have made us what we are. We hope you realize and will be proud to know that you were a part of us through these years. Many were the hours and days that we struggled together: we know that we seemed awfully dumb; in fact, we were, nay, we even seemed hopeless at times. At last we have accomplished a few of the many things you attempted to teach us.

We shall not forget a single one of you so dear to us, and we hope you will accept these few words coming from our hearts as our *"Thanks to You."*

Executive Council of the Faculty of the Charity Hospital School of Nursing

SISTER STANISLAUS, R.N., Sc.D.
Director of the Department of Nursing

SISTER HENRIETTA, R.N., M.S.
Director of the School of Nursing and of Nursing Service

SISTER SYLVIA, R.N., B.S.
Associate Director of the School of Nursing

SISTER URBAN, R.N., B.S.
Assistant Director of Nursing Service

MARY EUGENIA STUART, R.N., B.S.
Assistant Director of the School of Nursing

SAIDE SALMELA, R.N., B.S.
Assistant Director of the School of Nursing

CHRISTINE WRIGHT, R.N., B.S.
Instructor in Nursing Arts

MARY ELIZABETH GILLEN, R.N., B.S.
Social Director and Instructor in the School of Nursing

SISTER MATHILDE, M.A.
Case Supervisor, Social Service Department, and Instructor in the School of Nursing

SISTER MARY ELIZABETH, R.N., B.S.
Supervisor, Male Medical Wards, and Instructor in the School of Nursing

Instructional Staff

Hugh Thompson Beacham, M.D. ..... *Urology and Venereal Diseases*

Oscar Walter Bethea, M.D. ..... *Special Therapeutics*

Beatrice Boyer, R.N., B.S. ..... *Pediatric Nursing*

Mary Brakel, M.S. ..... *Nutrition and Cookery, and Diet Therapy*

Maurice Campagna, M.D. ..... *Introduction to Medical Science and General Medical Diseases*

Philips J. Carter, M.D. ..... *Obstetrics*

Lionel L. Cazenavette, M.D. ..... *Neurology*

Gesina De Holl, B.S., M.A. ..... *Microbiology*

Theodore J. Dimitry, M.D. ..... *Diseases of the Eye*

Sue Fabregas, R.N., B.S. ..... *Communicable Disease Nursing*

Justin Foret, B.S. ..... *Anatomy and Physiology*

Mary Elizabeth Gillen, R.N., B.S. ..... *Psychology*

Peter Graffagnino, M.D. ..... *Gynecology*

Rosebud Hollingsworth, R.N. ..... *General Medical Disease Nursing, Nursing Arts, and Bandaging*

Walter Mattingly, M.D. ..... *General Surgical Diseases*

William Mellen McCord, Ph.D. ..... *Chemistry*

Emma Sadler Moss, M.D. ..... *Microbiology*

Walter J. Otis, M.D. ..... *Psychiatry*

Instructional Staff

Emerante Robichaux, R.N., B.S. ..... *Obstetrical Nursing*

Jeanne Roeling, M.D. ..... *Diseases of the Ear, Nose, and Throat*

Saide Salmela, R.N., B.S. ..... *Nursing Arts*

Morris Shushan, M.D. ..... *Pathology*

John Signorelli, M.D. ..... *Pediatrics*

Marion Bentley Stewart, P.T. ..... *Physical Therapy*

Henry Theodore Simon, M.D. ..... *Orthopedics*

Sister Carlos, R.N. ..... *General Surgical Disease Nursing*

Sister Henrietta, R.N., M.S. ..... *Professional Adjustments and Ethics*

Sister Jane Frances, R.N., B.S. ..... *Operating Room Technique*

Sister Mary Elizabeth, R.N., B.S. ..... *Elementary Materia Medica*

Sister Mathilde, M.A. ..... *Sociology*

Sister Sylvia, R.N., B.S. ..... *Drugs and Solutions*

Mary Eugenia Stuart, R.N., B.S. ..... *History of Nursing*

Martin Thomas Van Studdiford, M.D. ..... *Dermatology*

Joseph Oswald Weilbaecher, Jr., M.D. ..... *Communicable Diseases*

Christine Wright, R.N., B.S. ..... *Introduction to Nursing Arts, Nursing Arts, Bandaging, and Communicable Disease Nursing*

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief
ROSA MACIAS

Associate Editor
MARIE GARCIA

Business Manager
JUNE WHITING

Secretary
ELLA ROUSSELL

Circulating Manager
HELEN HOFFMAN

Artist
THELMA JOHNSTONE

Editorial

Kindness

When the years slip by and your memory runs back the path you have trod, you will be glad that you stopped to speak to every friend you met, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts because you did so.

You will be glad that you were happy when doing the small, every-day things of life; that you served the best you could in life's lowly round. You will be glad that men have said all along your way, "I know that I can trust her. She is as true as steel." You will be glad that there were some rainy days in your life. If there were no storms, the fountains would dry up; the sky would be filled with poisonous vapors; and, life would cease.

You will be glad that you stopped long enough to read with care and with a prayer in your heart, some part of God's message to those that suffered. You will be happy that you shut your ears against the evil things that men said about each other and tried the best you could to stay the arrows winged with poison. You will rejoice that you brought smiles to your friends and not sorrows. You will thrill that you have met with a hearty handshake the hard things which have come to you, never dodging them but turning them to the best possible account.

History of Charity Hospital

The first Charity Hospital was founded on November 16, 1735, by Jean Louis, a French sailor. It was located on the site which today corresponds to the square bounded by Rampart, Basin, Peters, and Toulouse Streets and served the dual purpose of an asylum and hospital to the indigent sick. Nothing is known today of the medical management.

For over forty years this "Hospital des pauvres de la Charite" served and administered to the sufferings of those intrepid travelers and adventurous pioneers who sought the "Eldorado" of the new West.

In 1779, the hospital was converted into ruins by a devastating hurricane which struck the city. It was not rebuilt until 1784, at which time it was reconstructed through the generous contribution of Don Almonaster y Roxas, a Spanish nobleman. It was called the "St. Charles Hospital."

On September 23, 1809, the hospital was again destroyed, this time by fire. The Jourdan Plantation on the sight of the present Industrial Canal served as temporary quarters. Conditions here were so horrible that it was said by Mr. Mather, Mayor of the city at that time, "No one, however wretched and poor, will now consent to be committed to that hospital." The bitter sufferings among the poor caused the Louisiana Legislature to take the matter in hand.

In 1812, an act was passed by the State Legislature which may be considered the first charter of the Charity Hospital. It placed the administration of the hospital in the hands of a Board of Administrators designating who would compose the board and what their duties and responsibilities should be. This was the second legislative act mentioning the Charity Hospital, the first being passed on March 8, 1808. None of its provisions were carried out due to its destruction in 1809 by fire.

In 1813, the Louisiana State Legislature appropriated the institution, and in 1814 a Charity Hospital accommodating 120 beds was built on the square bounded by Canal, Common, Dryades, and Baronne Streets. Because of the rapid increase in population and the need for a larger institution, the hospital was sold. In 1832, a new and larger one was built on the present site. It was a large, beautiful edifice, accommodating 140 patients, and served as a model of hospital architecture. The year 1833 was a red-letter one for it marked the advent of the Sisters of Charity into the hospital.

In 1849, new additions were made to the hospital to relieve the overcrowded situation. By 1891, the hospital included a skin clinic, a dental clinic, and other long-requested outdoor clinics. On March 28, the long-hoped for Children's Hospital was realized through the noble donation of Mrs. Richard Milliken. In 1894, the Charity Hospital School of Nursing was organized, and in 1901 the Hutchinson Memorial Home for Nurses was completed. In 1909, the Delgado Building, which now contains our beautiful operating rooms, was constructed.

Several years later through the generous donations of the John Diberts, a much-needed Sisters' Home was built, and, through the same benefactors, a Tubercular Division was added for the white patients. In 1927, the Lapeyre-Miltenberger Home for Convalescents arose on the spacious grounds of the hospital. This was the last of the buildings to be added to the Charity Hospital of 1832.

The Main Building having served its purpose for over a century was no longer deemed safe for use under the present crowded situation, and its dilapidated condition was proven to be detrimental to the public welfare. The State of Louisiana with the assistance of the Federal Public Works Administration raised the sum of $12,588,166.00 for the construction of a new and greater Charity Hospital, and on August 3, 1937, the first pile was driven—the beginning of a magnificent piece of work. On April 19, 1938, another eventful pile-driving took place which marked the beginning of our new Nurses' Home which is being constructed on Claiborne and Gravier Streets, opposite the Sisters' Home.

Eagerly, as the days go by, we watch these massive structures rise. Our hearts throb with pride to think that we are a part of this great undertaking. Onward always, Charity Hospital!

History of the Charity Hospital School of Nursing

Affiliated with

Louisiana State University

The Charity Hospital School of Nursing was organized in 1894 under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. Located as it is on the grounds of the immense State Charity Hospital, the school is afforded magnificent opportunities to give young women, desirous of entering the nursing profession, a particularly broad and complete education. The enviable records attained by many of its alumnae testify to the educational worth of the instruction given the students in the School of Nursing.

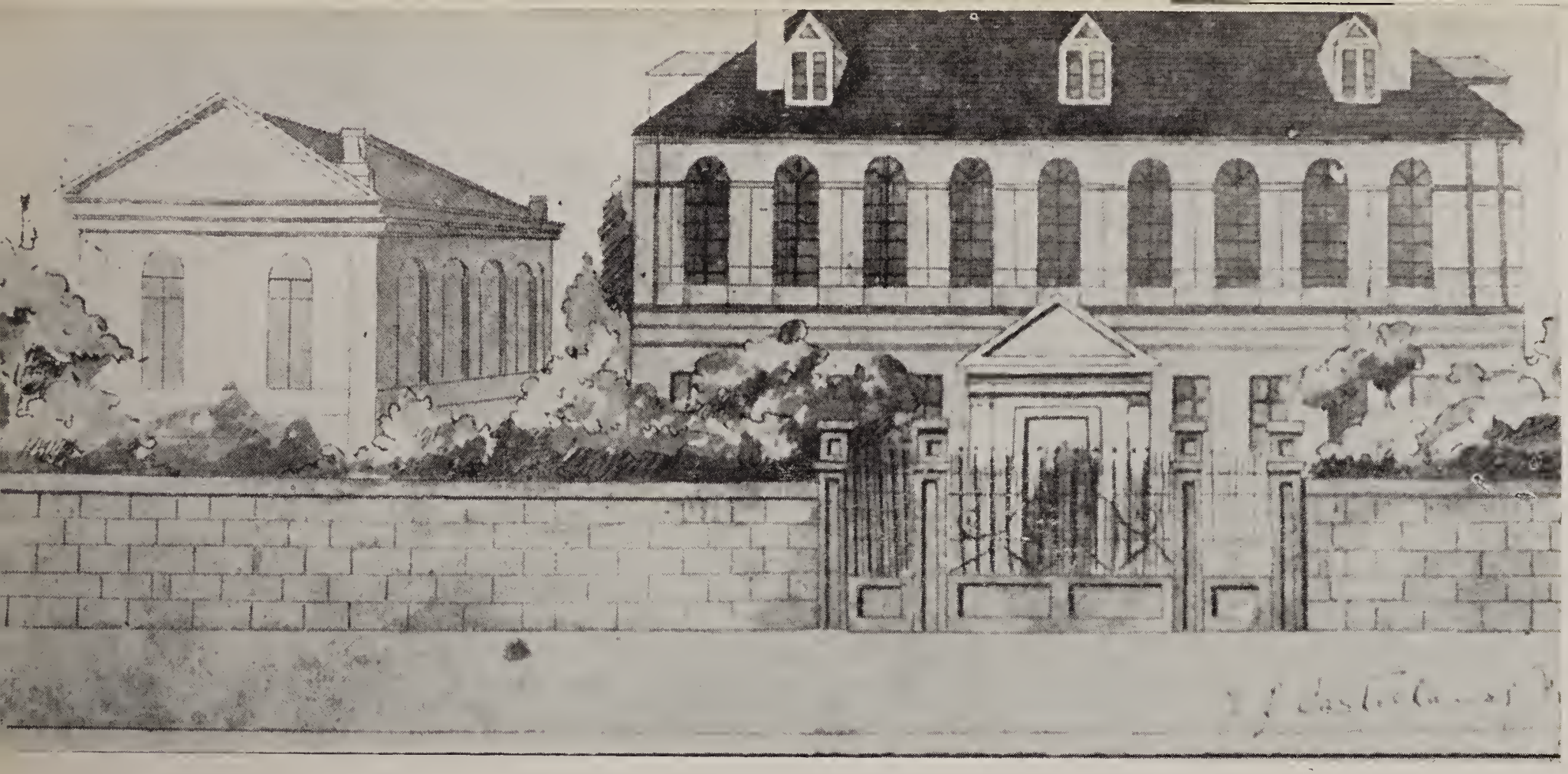
Post-graduate courses in Anesthesia and Operating Room Technique, and affiliating courses, make it possible for graduate and student nurses of other schools of nursing to share in the opportunities for instruction at Charity Hospital.

Because of the ever increasing demand of hospitals, schools of nursing, and other agencies for nurses with advanced professional and academic preparation, the Administrators of the Charity Hospital and the School of Nursing approached the President of the Louisiana State University in 1931 and requested the institution of courses for graduate nurses which would meet the requirements for university credit. This was arranged and, in the summer of that year, the first university courses for graduate nurses were conducted on the grounds of Charity Hospital. In 1932, the Louisiana State University Medical School was established in New Orleans on the Charity Hospital Campus. Realizing that the Medical Center offers splendid facilities for such a project, the University which is located in Baton Rouge, continued to conduct the advanced courses for graduate nurses on the grounds of Charity Hospital in New Orleans. The graduate nurse staff of the hospital immediately took advantage of the opportunity given them to raise their educational standards. Many are now the possessors of the Bachelor of Science Degree in Nursing Education, which is granted by the University. Graduate nurses from other recognized schools of nursing likewise avail themselves of this opportunity to further their professional development.

In 1937, the program was broadened to include student nurses by affiliation of Charity Hospital School of Nursing with the Louisiana State University. The School now offers three programs: (1) The three year basic professional program leading to the Diploma in Nursing; (2) The combined academic and basic professional course leading to the Diploma and to the Bachelor of Science Degree in Nursing; (3) The program for graduate nurses leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Science in Nursing Education.

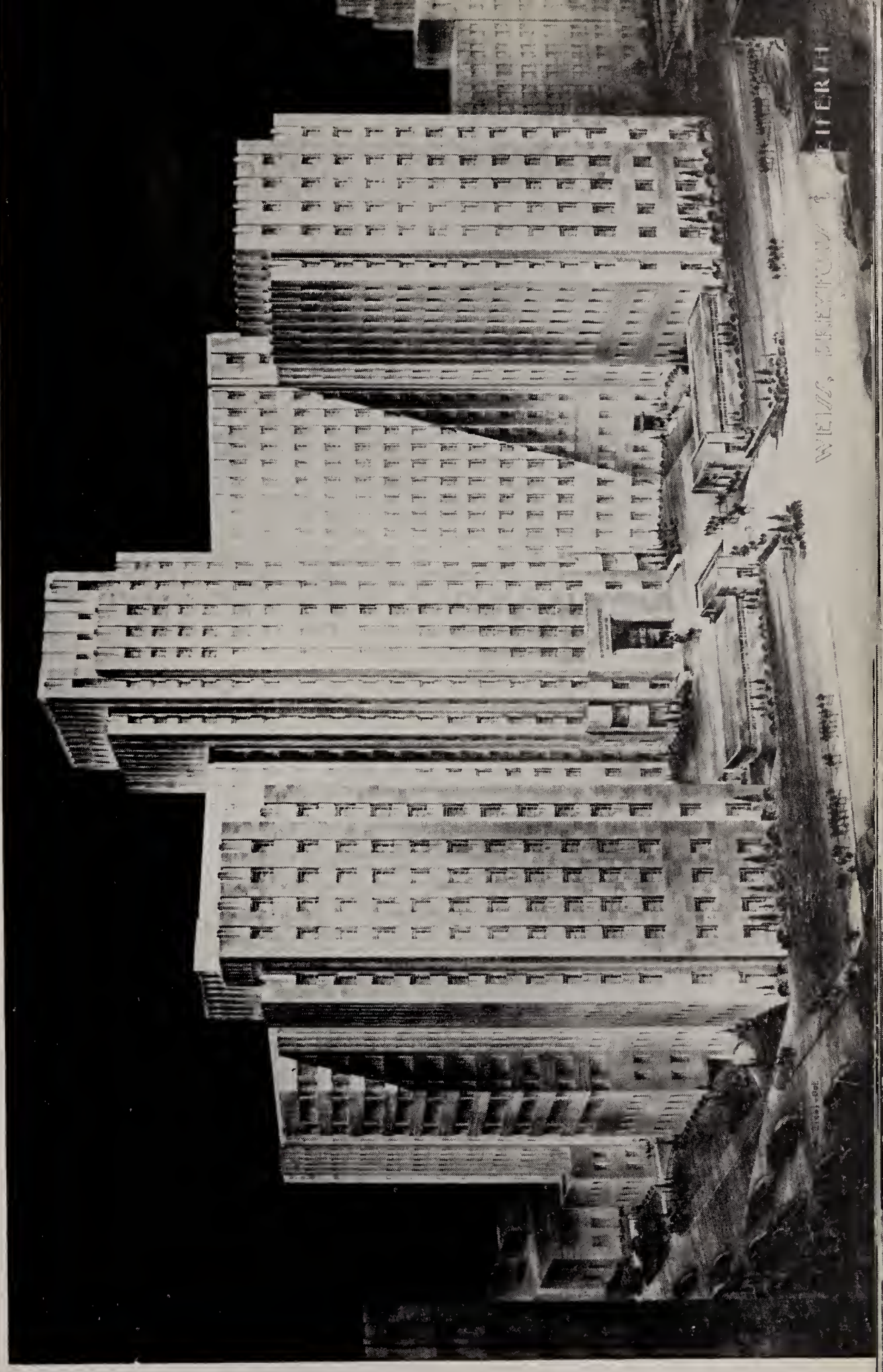
Close cooperation is maintained with the administrative and educational staffs of Charity Hospital and the Louisiana State University Medical School, each of which has made fully available the clinical and educational resources needed for the continued expansion of the School of Nursing.

JAMES MONROE SMITH, Ph.D.
President of the University



Charity Hospital Between 1815-1832

Tweney



Charity Hospital of 1938

Convalescent Home

Points of Interest

The Heart of Our Old
Charity Hospital

Nurses' Home

PAST

PRESENT

FUTURE

An Appreciation

It is with pride and admiration that we look up to Sister Henrietta who has won in the hearts of the student body the place of respected director and sympathetic counselor. By her unswerving adherence to high ideals, by her broad understanding of the true spirit of nursing, and by her radiant personality, she has endeared herself to all who have come in contact with her.

In our feeble way, we pay this tribute of appreciation to one who justly deserves all honor and praise —our dear Sister Henrietta.

A Tribute

To Sister Sylvia, who in the past three years, has given us the love and guidance of a mother, the sympathy and understanding of a friend, and the model example of a Christian woman, we, the Seniors of 1938, wish to extend, most humbly, our deepest and most sincere appreciation. Yes, deep gratitude for her words of encouragement, gratitude for her patience and wisdom, and gratitude for her deep interest in all that concerns us. Sister Sylvia, from our hearts we thank you. May God bless you always.

Student Government

Student government provides for student organization to function for the school as a whole. It gives opportunity for group participation and is the policy-forming unit for the entire extra-professional program. A faculty-student cooperative form of government is maintained.

Elected annually by popular vote, the Student Council of ten members consisting of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and a representative from each class and the affiliate group, meets bi-monthly to handle problems of school welfare and discipline. In addition to this, the entire student body meets monthly. The council works in cooperation with a faculty advisory group. The council also functions through two subsidiary groups: the house committee, composed of ten wing monitors, which handles, with the assistance of the hostesses on duty in the Nurses' Home, all violations of house regulations; the uniform committee, composed of a chairman and all class officers, which handles uniform regulations.

The council reserves to the committee on discipline, whose three members are chosen from the council, the responsibility of handling violations of social conduct at home or abroad. The honor system prevails and a system of merits and demerits is in use.

Student Council Officers

President

HAZEL PIERCE

Vice-President

MARYJANE SABLE

Secretary

MARGARET ALLEN

Class Representatives

MARIA GARCIA
IRENE GORDON
MARY LOUISE BUCHANAN
VIVIAN BLANTON
WILLENE GROBE
LISE GAUTREAUX
RUTH COLEMAN
JANE SCHEFFEL

SENIORS

1938

We — The Seniors

Class of 1938

SENIOR CLASS

President

HAZEL PIERCE

Vice-President

MOLLY D. STOCKEMER

Secretary

MILDRED FRANK LEE

Class Sponsor

SISTER MARY ELIZABETH

Sister Mary Elizabeth

Class Sponsor

Her ever cheerful smile has won a place in the hearts of all. Her ready, helping hand and her loyalty in upholding the spirit of our school have inspired us onward. Her advice, which has always comforted us, has made us live happier nursing days. Words cannot express appreciation for such a sponsor who has helped us through our nursing career by her kindliness, friendliness, loyalty, cheerfulness, and ever-willing service.

To you, Sister Mary Elizabeth, we hope we have proven grateful throughout these happy days. Kindness such as yours can never be repaid.

HAZEL PIERCE — Iowa, Louisiana

To know how to suggest is the art of teaching.

President, Student Council
President, Seniors '38
Glee Club

MOLLY STOCKEMER — Huttig, Arkansas

Women—'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine.

Vice-President, Seniors '38
Literary and Dramatic Club

MILDRED FRANK LEE — Louisville, Mississippi

God gives men wisdom as He gives them gold;
His treasure house is not the mint, but the mind.

Secretary, Seniors '38
Social Club

EVY ALEXANDER — Atlanta, Texas

Purity of heart is the noblest inheritance, and love the fairest ornament of woman.

Hostess Club

VAN OLA BAILEY — Austin, Texas

The society of women is the element of good manners.

President, Social Club

JUNE WHITING — Mobile, Alabama

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Social Club
Business Manager, *Caps and Capes*

MARY AGNES BRENNAN — Kenner, Louisiana

More helpful than all wisdom or counsel is one drawl of simple pity that will not forsake us.

Athletic Club

GEN CHRISTIANSEN — Waycross, Georgia

A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.

Social Club

AVA GRAY — Crossett, Arkansas

Most arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing requires only the desire.

Glee Club

MARIA GARCIA — Austin, Texas

Ever helpful, kind of heart.
Always willing to do her part.

Class Representative, Student Council
President, Glee Club
Associate Editor, *Caps and Capes*

LUCY GOSSARD — Rochelle, Louisiana

The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.

Social Club

OTTO LEE GUNTER — Pensacola, Florida

The most beautiful thing in the world is a creature with the genius of temperament, which is far different from the temperament of genius.

Athletic Club

HELEN HOFFMAN — Pittsburg, Texas

Loving kindness is greater than laws; and the charities of life are more than all ceremonies.

Athletic Club
Circulating Manager, *Caps and Capes*

THELMA JOHNSTONE — Alexandria, Louisiana

Artists are nearest God. Into their souls He breathes His life, and from their hands it comes in fair, articulate forms to bless the world.

Social Club
Artist, *Caps and Capes*

MARY LAFLEUR — Bunkie, Louisiana

Peace is the golden wisp that binds the sheaf of blessing.

Athletic Club

ROSA MACIAS — El Paso, Texas

The vicegerent of God is in the human heart, whose still small voice the londest revelry cannot drown.

Athletic Club
Editor, *Caps and Capes*

ALICE MALOY — Blounstown, Florida

He who has a firm will molds the world to himself.

Vice-President, Hostess Club

CATHERINE MCDONALD — Pass Christian, Miss.

He that does good for good's sake, seeks neither praise nor reward, but he is sure of both in the end.

Social Club

JOSEPHINE MCDONALD — Pass Christian, Miss.

Character is the real foundation of all that is worthwhile.

Social Club

VERETTA, MILES — Tyler, Texas

What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure; but scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable.

Athletic Club

VICTORIA PEPERA — Madison, Florida

Refinement creates beauty everywhere.

Social Club

AGNES POSECAI — New Orleans, Louisiana

In all departments of activity, to have one thing to do, and do it, is the secret of success.

President, Hostess Club

ELLA ROUSSELL — Gramercy, Louisiana

All true zeal for God is a zeal also for love, mercy and goodness.

Athletic Club
Secretary, *Caps and Capes*

IRENE SCANLAN — Gueydan, Louisiana

There are a few things that never go out of style and a feminine woman is one of them.

Social Club

EVA RUTH SWEET — Detroit, Michigan

Cheery and light of heart is she,
The sunny side she is sure to see.

Social Club

RUTH WHETSTONE — Crossett, Arkansas

The greatest pleasure of life is love.

Athletic Club

Class History

On September 5, 1935, forty-eight young women from various parts of America were scheduled to arrive at New Orleans, Louisiana, to enlist their names at the School of Nursing Office, Charity Hospital. Some of these applicants were a little early, some on time, and a few were late—but they all came.

Due to this addition of what was considered so large a class, to the rather small and, at the time, unprepared nurses' home, a few of the students, residents of the city, were granted the much envied privilege of remaining part of the time at home until suitable provision was made for their actual entry.

The class, however, soon became so interwoven, so close together in their relations, that these few so-called fortunate students found themselves very happy upon the day that they, too, were received into the walls of that now well-remembered building. No longer did they have to rise at quite such unearthly hours to attend lectures and theirs was still to be the joy of hearing their first summons to get up—a clanging bell rung at 6 a. m.

Many of the first impressions gathered from Charity Hospital were those which met the wide eyes of these forty-odd as they followed close to the skirts of Misses Stuart and Salmela on a general tour of the hospital wards. Many of the characteristics of our hospital were recognizable to these "children" of from 18 years of age on up.

On September 9, the following Monday, the Probation Class of '35 entered the class room, ready to begin the first of their long list of classes. A three year's contract to study, to work, to rest, and to play was to be fulfilled between days of supremely happy moments and moments of terrified sadness.

The physical examinations by Dr. Marcello and Dr. Weilbacher were ordeals to the probs. They trembled in unfounded fear, for they were handicapped by an ignorance of medical and surgical skill.

Many of these students remember their first trips to the wards, when, escorted by Miss Wright, they were allowed to bathe patients and carry out, under supervision, other of the procedures in the art of nursing as demonstrated by their instructor. It was not until December 23, the beginning of Christmas vacation, however, that the blue dresses and white aprons were thrust upon the wards for a ten hour day duty every day except for one afternoon off a week and a half day on Sundays.

Christmas vacations came as a glad relief to the tired little bodies. Three days off, starting January 31, 1936, gave every student except Van Ola Bailey, Gen Christiansen, Maria Garcia, and Rosa Macias time to go home for a little while. Three of the remaining four were temporarily discouraged, save for the prospect of summer vacations, but Gen Christiansen's mother and sister spent the time in New Orleans and Gen was very happy.

On February 10 of that same year, the little probs took the Nightingale Pledge and entered a professional world so shiny and new. This night was stamped on each of their minds as a moment never to be forgotten . . . a moment they would not wish to forget.

On February 11, the Freshmen students were assigned to different wards. Happily they joined the parade of white across the campus . . . happily they beamed and smiled on every passer-by . . . and happy they were, for hadn't they always waited for this very moment?

And now that the probation days were over the freshmen began to take on more and more responsibilities. Finally they were put on night duties . . . oh, the hazards of reversing

nature's methods of living! If it was hard for some of them to sleep in the day, it was even harder for these same students to remain awake all night.

The freshmen were glad to welcome into their midst some new members who arrived as transfers from the Michael Meagher Hospital, in Texarkana, Arkansas, on the first day of May. Evy Ann Alexander, Helen Hoffman, Eula Jo Johnson, and Veretta Miles contributed a very friendly attitude to the cause and soon everybody was once again content with the world as it was.

The fifth of September of '36 marked a milestone in the careers of our student nurses, for on this day they had completed their first year. As Juniors they remained unchanged, except for a little more knowledge, a little more experience, and a little more self-control and poise, the end-products of added obligations which they had to carry.

October 19, 1936, proved to be an important day in the lives of the students, for other classes as well as the Juniors, for it was upon this day that the old nurses' home was willed over to the colored patients to come, and the former occupants traveled by way of St. Charles Avenue to their new home, the Bienville Hotel. The brick dwelling was "different" at first. The Juniors felt it keenly. For over a year they had lived in a state of friendly content; now they were in a hotel! Where did so-and-so live? What did you do around this new place?

However, the Juniors of that day will, I feel sure, confirm my following opinion: "The new home is much nicer. We have more comfort, beauty, and ease. When we get off duty, we change surroundings. We will never forget the old nurses' home, but we are glad we are living at the Bienville now."

Gradually did they come to those conclusions. Gradually the new and more sedate way of living became less and less obnoxious. New places became familiar to the girls. Numerous ways and means were devised to bring the students together. School spirit soon rang through the atmosphere as a hidden enchantment. The Juniors were happy again.

On May 17th, 1937, the Juniors were given a picnic for selling the greatest number of Christmas cards during the last holiday season. This occasion really proved to the Juniors that they were still the same well-organized, closely correlated group that had started out together. Sister Sylvia had found the most beautiful spot for picnicking. There were groves of trees, grass everywhere, and a blue-blue sky you could see without smokestacks and dust. Best of all was the river in which to go swimming. A few small houses sheltered the tired pleasure seekers when they returned to, not lunch, but a regular feast—such an abundance of delicious foods as to give rise to future stomach aches. The class may not remember May 17, but just mention "The Picnic."

On the afternoon of September 5, 1937, the Senior Class of one day boarded a west bound street car and spent the evening at old Spanish Fort—Pontchartrain Beach. It was 2c day so the reckless Seniors rode on every amusement at the Beach, took in all the side shows, ate all they could, and most of them went swimming.

Classes began to take on a really serious aspect. The Junior and Senior years were, for the class of '38, months of excitement . . . months in which they were put into the major services of Operating Room, Pediatrics, and Obstetrics, respectively. The vision of the first operation ever seen by their eyes was gradually being obliterated by scores of other more serious, more important operations. Memories of the Accident Room were giving place to long days spent on Pediatrics. Some had a natural love of children which made this work a pleasure. Others did not. All of them seemed to be seriously interested in Obstetrics.

The first reliable news of the seniors' plans for a Year Book unravelled from out the ranks of "rumor" at a class meeting for that purpose on the night of September 23, when Rosa Macias was elected by majority vote, to the position of Editor-in-Chief. The remaining members of the staff were elected in the same manner and the class relaxed into a merry-making group.

A holiday mood seemed to possess everyone around Christmas time and the resulting party, given in the seventh floor's annex, was acclaimed successful. Everyone came in very informal dress, not necessarily dresses, and sat around on the floor enjoying everyone else. Miss Peterman, night supervisor of ward 334, was one of the very special guests. She came laden down with surprise goodies and joined wholeheartedly into the spirit of the thing. A chili supper, red hot, and with all the trimmings, served by Evy Ann Alexander who was dressed for the part, gave all the guests an appetite for the cooling drink then served.

The seniors breathed long, oft-repeated sighs when, upon January 18, 1938, they completed their last exams. No more studying until the approach of State Board and there would be plenty of time to worry about that later on.

Senior activities began to occupy the thoughts and soon after the time of the future graduates. Pins had been ordered and received long ago, but there was still the business of invitations, uniforms, class play, et cetera, et cetera. On May 20, in the Auditorium on the Bienville Roof, and after six hard weeks of study and practice, the seniors presented their best talent in a three act comedy, "His Women Folks." The play was very good. Everyone who went enjoyed it thoroughly. However, not everyone went and so, when it was given over the following Sunday afternoon for the Sisters of Charity, students and public were again invited.

At last, on the seventeenth of May, 1938, the Seniors got a day off to go to Carville, America's only leper colony. This trip is an annual affair and senior classes of Louisiana's Charity Hospital have come to regard it as the finishing touch of their well rounded education. It was, therefore, with pleasant anticipation that 28 students, who remained out of the former 48 way back in '35, filled up a red and yellow Missouri and Pacific Railway Special bus. They arrived a few hours before noon and were escorted around the grounds and through the hospital. Many interesting facts were divulged and the Seniors were again wide-eyed as in days of yore. In spite of all the amazing, unfamiliar sights, the class was impatient to eat when, following a brief shower, lunch was spread on a long table under the trees.

The trip to Carville had a three point route and after sincere "thank you's" and good-bye's" the company was again on its way. Baton Rouge was the next stop and many of the Seniors indulged in their first opportunity to view the State Capital.

They couldn't pass through Gramercy without stopping—not with Ella in the bus. Gramercy is the home town of Miss Ella Roussell, one of the members of the graduating class of this year. A very touching home scene caused a few of those present to become homesick—even to cry. Everyone dried her tears and some very delicious refreshments were served to the entire group by the Roussells. Once more the crowd started home, all agreeing that they had had a very lovely day.

We, the Seniors of '38, have decided against drawing up a class will. For one thing the treasury is practically, or had I best say, completely empty—and lawyers charge fees. Besides, since this is a medical world in which we live, an age of science and research, we believe it will be quite sufficient, in fact, much better, to leave a few valuable specimens within your famous halls, or rather jars. The medical staff will please take note of the fol-

lowing contributions: The tonsils of Van Ola Bailey, Victoria Pepera, Molly D. Stockemer, Hazel Pierce, Ava Maude Gray, Mary Lafleur, and Marie Garcia; the appendices of Gen Christiansen and Helen Bassett.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of May 29, the Seniors were entertained at a delightful tea in their lovely home, the Bienville. This tea was given in honor of the would-be-graduates by the Student Dramatic and Literary Club. Upon arrival, the students were greeted by Misses Garland and Gillen, who pinned pink and red corsages of roses upon the guests of honor. Miss Natalie Anderson, President of the Club, acted as hostess. Many of the mothers of the girls in the Senior Class, who were in New Orleans to attend the approaching graduation exercises, were present. Delicious sandwiches and tea were served. The Seniors wish to extend their thanks for a very enjoyable afternoon.

May 31, 1938, was, truly, a momentous occasion for the graduating class. Due to the fact that there is only one annual exercise, held between the times that the February and the September classes graduate, the Seniors were, upon this night, to appear on the scene along with twenty-six of Miss Buchanan's class. No one expected to be in the least bit thrilled—because they knew that they were not really finished and would have to go back on duty in the same student uniform the very next morning just as if nothing at all had happened. I wish, however, that you could have seen them a few moments before they appeared on the roof. Lined up in groups of twos they emitted the usual and unusual cries of impatient youths. Shivers of unexplainable excitement traversed their spinal columns. Hours it seemed they'd waited.

Finally the nerve strain was broken by the appearance of Mrs. Yancey, President of the Charity Hospital Alumnae, who announced that each member of the class would receive a six months' subscription to the American Journal of Nursing from the Alumnae. Cheers and applause prevailed. A few more announcements were made and, after visits from Sister Sylvia, Sister Mary Elizabeth, and then Sister Henrietta, it was time to go. From below, a swarm of white figures could be seen mounting the stairs—figures whose faces beamed with happiness. The march drifted down to their ears. The procession started. Eyes from everywhere were upon them, eyes of parents, justly proud, eyes of friends, equally happy, eyes of the ever lovable and ever present Sisters . . . oh, but it did seem real . . . it seemed the most wonderful thing on earth. Prayers were sent on an upward wend . . . as an attempt to preserve some of the present joy . . . as a thanksgiving . . . as an entreaty that nothing should prevent any of that group from finishing the School of Nursing at Charity Hospital.

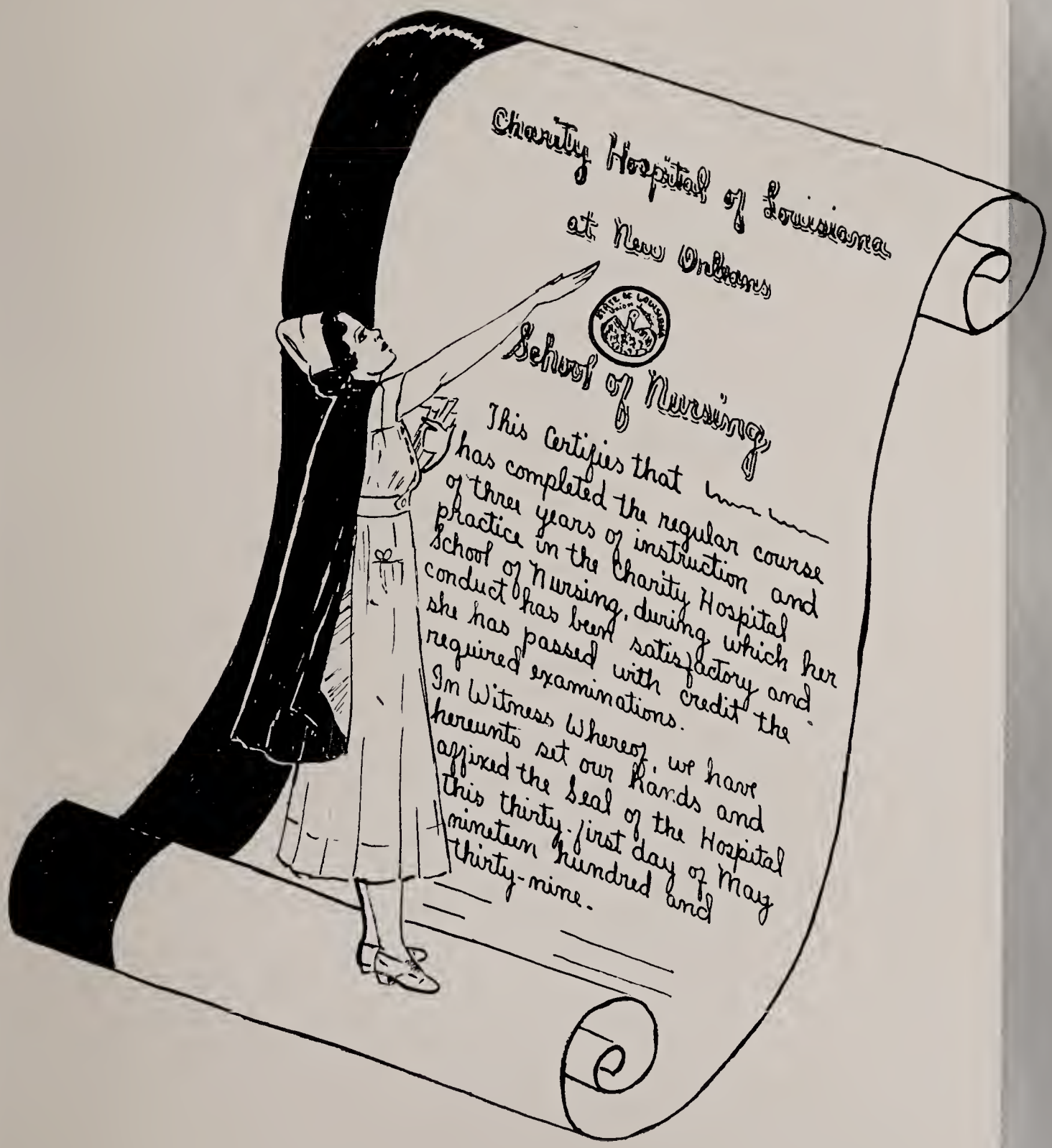
And then, suddenly, it was over, the Seniors had had their one night and now they were to work steadily on and await the day upon which they were to "come out" as graduates! The dates were posted on the bulletin board and the earliest ones were August 16. Every Senior started counting the days until she would finish.

On the night of June first the graduates were again honored, this time by the Junior A class. A dance took place on the Bienville roof. Decorations consisted of lanterns strung even out onto the very roof itself. A large bowl of punch was placed in the center of the table. Everyone was very friendly. Last names, titles, et cetera, were forgotten—the music was good . . . "a nice time was had by all."

And now the Seniors will leave you. In groups of twos, fours, and different numbers, they will complete their time, receive their hospital pins, and go forth into another world. They will be everlastingly grateful to Charity for the things it has taught, the encouragement it has given, and the friends it has bestowed upon them; they will always remember, though they remain with it or though they depart never to return. They will always feel what they wish to say in gratitude, "A sincere THANK YOU."

Irene
maria
with the
Lucy

EANS


Charity Hospital of Louisiana
at New Orleans
School of Nursing
This Certifies that
has completed the regular course
of three years of instruction and
practice in the Charity Hospital
School of Nursing, during which her
conduct has been satisfactory and
she has passed with credit the
required examinations.
In Witness Whereof, we have
hereunto set our Hands and
affixed the Seal of the Hospital
this thirty-first day of May
nineteen hundred and
thirty-nine.

SENIORS

1938

Class of 1939

FEBRUARY CLASS

President

MARY SABLE

Vice-President

ELIZABETH SEMBLER

Secretary

JANE SCHEFFEL

Class Sponsor

SISTER SCHOLASTICA

Sadie Bailey
Lillian Bihm
Lillie Bihm
Dorothy Cooper
Betty Day
Obera Garrett
Hilda Gillies
Catherine Harris
Eula Johnson
Margaret LaFleur

Charly Rhodes Neely
Inez Nugent
Mary Sable

Jane Scheffel
Elizabeth Sembler
Theresa Smith

Louise Summer
Ethel Wale
Ruth Wolfe

Class of 1939

SEPTEMBER CLASS

President

FRANCES VERDELLA

Vice-President

MARGARET ALLEN

Secretary

IONE LANDRY

Class Sponsor

SAIDE SALMELA

Thelma Aucoin
Margaret Allen
Gladys Bowden
Eva Compton
Elise Conn
Henrietta Domingue
Frances Gandy
Lise Gautreaux
Genevieve Georgc
Mabel Hebert
Bertha Heufel
Frances Haynes
Ione Landry
Mary Martin

Elaine Matherne
Edith Morris
Mildred Oubre
Bessie Peart
Norma Pizza
Louise Pitre
Josefina Rodriguez
Emily Ryan

Margaret Reitz
Theresa Shannon
Juanita Sowell
Charlotte Sanders
Hazel Speeg
Marion Tauzin
Frances Verdella
Marguerite Wilson

Selected Poems

MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect:
For here in the struggle for fame and self
I want to be able to love myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.
I never can hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see.
I know what others may never know.
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free.

BE THE BEST OF WHATEVER YOU ARE

If you can't be a pine on the top
of the hill
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub at the side
of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

We can't all be captains,
we've got to be crew,
There's something for all of us here;
There's a big work to do,
and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the near.

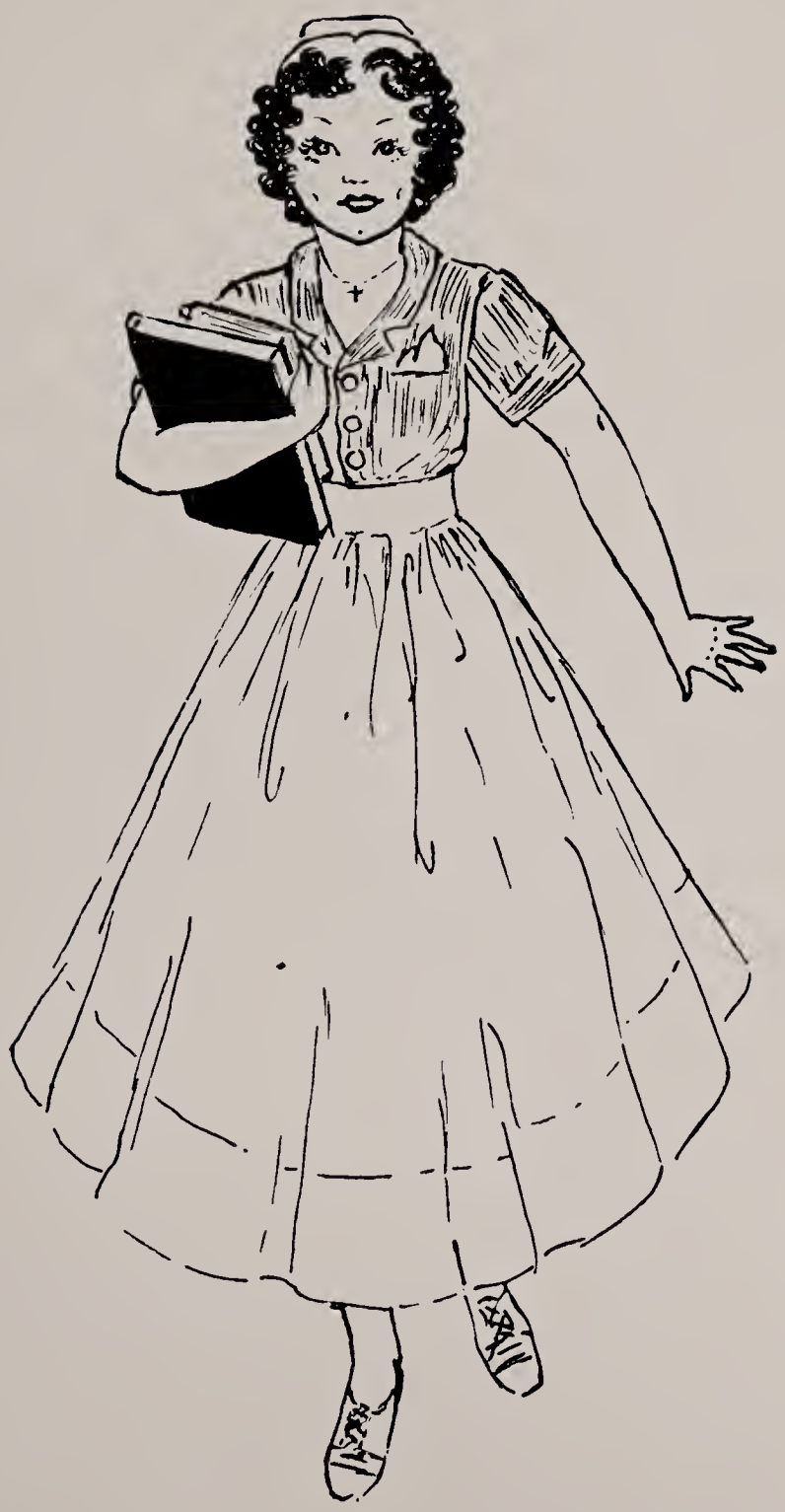
If you can't be a highway,
then just be a trail,
If you can't be a sun; be a star;
It isn't by size that you win
or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are.

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we would find it better,
Purer than we judge we would:
We would love each other better,
If we only understood.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain,
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Would we help where now we hinder?
Would we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil,
All the golden grains of good:
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood!



JUNIORS AND FRESHMEN 1938

Class of 1940

FEBRUARY CLASS

President
ISABEL MACKAY

Vice-President
BESSIE MORRIS

Secretary
OLIVE KING

Class Sponsor
CHRISTINE WRIGHT

Hazel Armstrong
Camille Belton
Ruth Ching
Marie Costello
Josephine Dickinson
Helen Donley
Isabel Donley
Armanda Fleetwood
Ruth Fontenot
Romana Garcia
Wilhemen Grobe
Carmen Haas
Ruth Johnston
Jewel Jordan
Olive King
Bessie Morris
Isabel Mackay
Cornelia McCants
Lessie Mae Reed
Emita Seibert
Irene Savoie
Louella Trotman

Class of 1940

SEPTEMBER CLASS

President

LALAGE SLAY

Vice-President

VIVIAN BLANTON

Secretary

RUTH SITZMAN

Beulah Adams
Dolores Anglada
Burnette Baron
Marjorie Bayard
Annie Beough
Maria Bentien
Patricia Bienvenu
Vivian Blanton
Irene Bowman
Dorothy Breaux
Phyllis Burke
Edwina Cannon
Dorothy Ching
Veo Cockerhan
Dorothy Crawford
Yvonne Daspit
Ethylyn Davis
Martha Dunn
Marjorie Dupuis
Billie Dyson
Geraldine Evans
Anna Giles
Mary Green
Anna Halphen
Ella Hartley
Lois Hatton
Cleta Hood
Jean Horsburg
Bertha Huerstel
Dixie Jackson
Edith Juneau
Janet Kinler
Mildret Lambert
Helen Lawerence
Joy Lawerence
Lena Mabile
Carrie Mayeaux
Cecile McHale
Zulma McKeever
Rose Mercer
Rose Miller
Mary Miller
Audrey Mills
Ursula Mumme
Helen Yers
Helen Pepera
Helen Pere
Esther Regan
Rose Salvaggio
Edna Mae Scott
Marie Seale
Martha Sharpe
Henrietta Silverstien
Marie Louise Simms
Ruth Sitzman
Lalage Slay
Lucy Slay
Marie St. Clair
Lillian Stolberg
Joy Smith
Sara Thompson
Elizabeth Waldrip
Alverne Walker
Floyd Walton
Ruth Weimer

A C T I V I T I E S

Extra-Curricular Activities

The program of Extra-Curricular Activities and of Student Government of the Charity Hospital School of Nursing has now been in existence for seven months.

On October 25, the first organization meeting consisting of faculty, student body, and interested staff nurses was held. Plans were made for the institution of five clubs to provide varied interests for the students. These were: Social Club, bridge and dancing; Hostess Club, correct conduct and entertainment; Athletic Club, sports and physical education; Glee Club, music and song; Dramatic and Literary Club, amateur theatricals and literature.

The directors appointed were: Hostess Club—Miss Marie Cincoski and Miss Ida Belle Guillory; Social Club—Miss Saide Salmela and Miss Zaide Rehberg; Athletic Club—Miss Alice Stolp, Miss Mary Bacharach and Miss Mattie Bell; Glee Club—Mrs. Alciatore and Miss Ada Caldwell; Dramatic and Literary Club—Mrs. Ethel Mule and Miss Dorothy Garland. Miss Mary Gillen was appointed Director of Social Activities to co-ordinate the work of the various clubs. At this meeting announcement was also made of the organization of a Hi-Club—an honorary scholastic club. Membership is on the basis of scholastic achievement. The directors are Sister Henrietta, Director, School of Nursing; Sister Mathilde, Case Supervisor, Social Service Department, and Miss Josephine Marino, Registrator in the University Division.

Through the interest of Doctor Bel, a basketball court was provided for the nurses on the hospital grounds. Since then, extra equipment including an additional basketball, team suits, soft balls, and volley balls has been secured.

Leader

To Sister Mathilde, Charity's stimulating activity promoter, goes the honor of being the guiding spirit in organizing extra-curricular projects. This year's program of varied club organization and achievement is the result of her foresight, guidance, and interest.

Case Supervisor of the Charity Hospital Social Service Department and Instructor in Sociology, Sister Mathilde is vitally concerned with the character development and cultural progress of student nurses. With rare insight and fine understanding, she has introduced a set-up of social activities that is stimulating and self-productive.

Energetic, resourceful, untiring in effort and unswerving in purpose, of broad vision and humane sympathy, Sister Mathilde stands for wide interests and for dynamic participation in their achievement. Primarily a leader and organizer, she remains essentially a counselor and a friend.

Athletic Club

President
LOUISE PITRE

Vice-President
THERESA SHANNON

Secretary
ELAINE MATHERNE

Directors
ALICE STOLP MATTIE BELL MARY BACHARACH

MEMBERS

Ione Landry
Camille Belton
Josefina Rodriguez
Theresa Kuhlman
Ruth Ching
Bessie Morris
Theresa McCordell
Joy Lawerence
Inez Boudreaux
Lessie Mae Reed
Juanita Sowell
Vivian Blanton
Armanda Fleetwood
Beulah Adams
Ruth Whetstone
Martha Sharpe
June Whiting
Mary Lafleur
Mary Brennan
Otto Lee Gunter
Ursula Mumme
Elizabeth Waldrip
Helen Hoffman
Louise Pitre
Elaine Matherne
Lucy Slay
Maria Bentien
Emily Ryan
Rosa Macias
Henrietta Domingue
Bertha Heufel
Billie Dyson
Ruth Sitzman
Martha Dunn
Dorothy Ching
Ella Roussell

Hostess Club

President
AGNES POSECAI

Vice-President
ALICE MALOY

Secretary
LISE GAUTREAUX

Directors
MARIE CINCOSKI IDA BELLE GUILLORY

MEMBERS

Marie Seale
Zulma McKeever
Cornelia McCants
Ruth Johnston
Charlotte Sanders
Carmen Haas
Ethylyn Davis
Dorothy Crawford

Lise Gautreaux
Agnes Posecai
Alice Maloy
Rose Mercer
Genevieve George
Mary Martin
Edna Mae Scott
Mable Hebert
Mary Miller

Dorothy Breaux
Eva Alexander
Jean Horsburg
Helen Pere
Veo Cockerhan
Elise Conn
Esther Regan
Dolores Angalada

Social Club

President
VAN OLA BAILEY

Vice-President
DOROTHY COOPER

Secretary
ETHEL WALE

Directors
SAIDE SALMELA
ZAIDE REHBERG

MEMBERS

Romana Garcia
Louella Trotman
Olive King
Lillie Mae Marquez
Ruth Fontenot
Frank Lee
Marie Sims
Jane Scheffel
Ruth Wolfe
Lucy Gossard
Lillian Bihm
Inez Nugent
Helen Lawerence
Dorothy Cooper
Irene Scanlan

Victoria Pepera
Annie Beough
Mildred Lambert
Frances Gandy
Audrey Mills
Marjorie Dupuis
Ruth Weimer
Betty Campbell
Anne McMinn
Carrie Mayeaux
Gen Christiansen
Bertha Hearstel
Van Ola Bailey
Josephine Dickerson
Edwina Cannon

Floyd Walton
Joy Smith
Marie Sinclair
Ethel Wales
Anna Halphen
Yvonne Daspit
Catherine McDonald
Henrietta Silberstein
Helen Pepera
Margaret Breaud
Saide Bailey
Marjorie Bayard
Patricia Bienvenui
Norma Pizza
Gladys Bowden
Frances Haynes

Emita Seibert
Josephine McDonald
Thelma Johnstone
Helen Bassett
Mavis Haywood
Margaret Reite
Bessie Peart
Elizabeth Sembler
Obera Garrett
Lillie Bihm
Sara Thompson
Wilhemen Grobe
Ella Hartley
Marion Tauzin
Marie Costello
Edith Morris

Literary and Dramatic Club

President
NATALIE ANDERSON

Vice-President
ROSE SALVAGGIO

Secretary
JANET KINLER

Directors
ETHEL MULE
DOROTHY GARLAND

MEMBERS

Lalage Slay
Geraldine Evans
Margaret Allen
Irene Bowman
Rose Salvaggio
Phyllis Burke
Mary Green
Lois Hatton
Thelma Aucoin
Helen Donley
Mildred Oubre
Anna Mae Giles
Janet Kinler
Frances Verdella
Isabel Donley
Molly Stockemer

Glee Club

President
MARIA GARCIA

Vice-President
ISABEL MACKAY

Secretary
HILDA GILLIES

Directors
MRS. A. ALCIATORE
ADA CALDWELL

MEMBERS

Lena Mae Mabile
Burnette Baron
Cecile McHale
Ava Maude Gray
Hazel Pierce
Dixie Jackson
Cleta Hood
Edith Juneau
Isabel Mackay
Hilda Gillies
Maria Garcia
Lillian Stolberg
Alverne Walker (Pianist)

Calendar of
Outstanding Club Activities

ATHLETIC

Oct. 26—Organization.
Dec. 15—Old Clothes Contest for Needy Patients.
Jan. 28—Outdoor Picnic.
Feb. 11—Outdoor Picnic.
Mar. 9—Imitation Radio Program for Student Assembly.
Mar. 18—Basketball Game—Charity Hospital vs. Ursuline College.
April 8—Basketball Game—Charity Hospital vs. St. Rose de Lima's C. Y. O.
April 11—Basketball Game—Charity Hospital vs. St. Cecelia's C. Y. O.

Future Activities of the Athletic Club include tennis, baseball, volley ball and hit pin ball.

GLEE

Oct. 26—Organization.
Dec. 8—Musical Program for Student Assembly.
Dec. 15—Old Clothes Contest.
Dec. 24—Christmas Carols sung through hospital.
Mar. 6—Musical Selections for L. S. U. Nursing Education Alumni Program.
Mar. 18—Musicale.

HOSTESS

Oct. 26—Organization.
Nov. 6—Tea for Nursing School Faculty and L. S. U. Nursing Education Alumnae.
Dec. 15—Old Clothes Contest.
Feb. 23—Outdoor Picnic.
Mar. 15—Poster Campaign, "Hints for the Wise."
April 6—Style Show.
Skit, "Do's and Don't's for Public Dining."

The Club members are receiving instructions and demonstrations in social grace, correct posture and carriage, formal and informal modes of entertaining.

SOCIAL

Oct. 26—Organization.
Dec. 15—Old Clothes Contest.
Feb. 1—Dancing Contest for Student Assembly.

Activities of the Club are divided between bridge and dancing.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC

Oct. 26—Organization.
Dec. 8—One-Act Play for Student Assembly, "Have You Had Your Operation?"
Dec. 15—Old Clothes Contest.
Jan. 18—Talk on Chinese Customs by Mr. Lee, Chinese Consul.
Mar. 8—Trip through Delgado Trade School.
April 19—Tea for Mr. Lee, Chinese Consul.

Future Activities of the Club include the organization of patients' library within the hospital.

What Would Happen To—

ALEXANDER ..... If there were only one coiffure?

BAILEY ..... If she couldn't dance?

CHRISTIANSEN ..... If she didn't have her Johnny?

GRAY ..... If she didn't have the "gift of gab"?

GUNTER ..... If she didn't have to spend her spare time in the dentist chair?

GOSSARD ..... If she didn't have her curls?

GARCIA ..... If she didn't like classical things?

HOFFMAN ..... If she didn't have Miles?

JOHNSTONE ..... If she lost that artistic touch?

LEE ..... If she gained a few pounds?

J. McDONALD ..... } If they were alike?
C. McDONALD ..... }

MACIAS ..... If she didn't feel responsible for something?

MALOY ..... If she could wake up on time?

MILES ..... If she didn't have that school spirit?

PIERCE ..... If she couldn't take a rest?

PEPERA ..... If she couldn't keep a secret?

POSECAI ..... If she had Kate Smith's voice?

ROUSSELL ..... If she suddenly acquired professional dignity?

SCANLAN ..... If she lost that characteristic laugh?

SWEET ..... If she got her letter on time?

STOCKEMER ..... If she couldn't find her toothbrush?

WHETSTONE ..... If she got jilted?

WHITING ..... If she didn't have "Mobile to lean to."

Operating Room

Library

Dibert Building

Extra!! Extra!!

Sister Sylvia Rescues Exhausted Supervisors

ATTENTION EVERYBODY! Have you heard the colossal news? Misses Grafton, Boyer, Mrs. Fabregas, and many other supervisors of the various halls, wards, and services of Charity Hospital were rescued yesterday by none other than our very own Sister Sylvia who found these distinguished personages in a state of mental, physical, and spiritual collapse in different spots of the hospital and grounds. Upon inquiry, Sister discovered that their present state of upheaval was caused by the 1938 Graduating Class.

"Sister," sighed Miss Schwartzenburg, "they are too much for us."

"Yes!" agreed Miss Artmann emphatically. "And I, for one, give up!"

Sister was aghast. "Why this is positively alarming!" she exclaimed in dismay. "What have they done?"

And, dear Senior classmates, do you know what was the matter? The supervisors were having trouble grading our efficiency slips. So Sister Sylvia, in her usual gracious manner, smiled, assuring them that the problem was hers. After spending five days and five nights in seclusion, Sister submitted the following results:

RATING OF STUDENT'S PRACTICE

Name *Senior Class, 1938* Date *September, 1935 through August, 1938*

Check Class: Senior *xxx* Junior _____ Freshman _____

Kindly use one of the following letters in grading students:

Excellent—E; Good—G; Fair—F; or Poor—P.

ACCEPTABILITY TO PATIENTS	Veretta Miles
COURTESY	Molly Stockemer
DIGNITY	Ruth Whetstone
ECONOMY	Evy Ann Alexander
WILLINGNESS TO WORK	Agnes Posecai
TACTFULNESS	Ava Maude Gray
LOYALTY	Ella Roussell
ACCURACY	Gen Christiansen
EXECUTIVE ABILITY	Hazel Pierce
CONSCIENTIOUSNESS	Maria Garcia
DESIRABLE REACTION TO CRITICISM	June Whiting
INITIATIVE	Jo McDonald
INTEREST IN WORK	Lucy Gossard
NEATNESS IN WORK	Irene Scanlan
PUNCTUALITY	Mary Lafleur
PERSONAL APPEARANCE	Mary Agnes Brennan
EFFICIENCY	Catherine McDonald
INTELLIGENCE	Mildred Lee
SWIFTNESS	Van Ola Bailey
CONVERSATIONAL ABILITY	Thelma Johnstone
PLEASANT DISPOSITION	Alice Maloy
SINCERITY	Rosa Macias
SELF CONTROL	Victoria Pepera
DETERMINATION	Helen Hoffman
POISE	Ruth Sweet
RELIABILITY	Otto Lee Gunter

General Remarks *An excellent nurse—a little lady.*

Has She shown improvement? *Yes*

Have you discussed this record with the student *Yes*

Signature: *Sister Sylvia, R.N., Per Jo McDonald.*

This report is to be filled in each month only if the student has been in the department for two weeks or longer. Kindly send it to the School of Nursing Office on the last day of each month.

Sisters' Garden

Entrance to Old Main Building

Nurses' Garden

A Nurse's First Vacation

"Say, Gunter, wake up. You old sleepy head, don't you know what today is? Yes, that's it, of course, the 27th of April and that means going home for three weeks vacation. Gee. I can hardly believe it! Ho, Hum! Well, get up, you know we owe half a day's work to good Old Charity before we leave."

"Why am I nervous? Guess you'd be, too, if you were going home to see your folks, wouldn't you? Honest, Mrs. Brown, were you as excited and jittery over your first vacation? You were! Well, maybe we are all then."

"12:30 and I must take the 1:10 train. Bye, Mrs. Brown, Oh thank you, I'm sure I'll have a grand time."

"Whew, just did make this train, but better being *almost* late than late, though, I wonder if Mother and Dad are as excited as I. Did he say the next stop was . . . yes, he did say Rochelle and there's Mother and Dad waving at me! Aren't they sweet? But why the crowd? Well, if it isn't the old gang. How thoughtful of them. Where's my handkerchief? I can't cry now! I just musn't cry!"

"Gee, I'm so tired! Somehow, I'm just not as good a sport as I used to be. Nursing and sports don't seem to mix very well. I do hope the crowd doesn't notice the difference. I don't feel right with them. Have I changed or have they?"

"Tomorrow I'll be going back to work. Everyone has been so nice to me. Mother and Dad treat me as if I were an honored guest, not just one of the family. I don't feel worthy of it all."

"Here comes my train. Yes, Mother, I'll write. Oh! dear, I can't even look at her. Dear Lord, don't let Mother see the tears. At last I'm on the train. Gee, but it was tough parting, but I'm tired and anxious to get back to work. I wonder if Gunter is back yet?"

"Charity Hospital, Nurses' Home, please. Yes, I've been on my vacation. Yes, I had a nice time. That cab driver doesn't have to be so inquisitive if you ask me."

"Ah, here at last. There go some of the girls on duty now. Goody, I'll be on duty tomorrow. Hi Maloy, Hello Garcia! How's everything? Did I have a good vacation, do you ask? A grand time! Yes, a wonderful time!"

FEATURES

Sweetheart of Charity

MOLLY D. STOCKEMER

The Most Beautiful

IRENE SAVOIE

The Most Popular

CAMILLE BELTON

The Most Intelligent

MILDRED FRANK LEE

Musings

Always at this season of the year we grow restless as we think of a life without deadlines and schedules. We feel that we are badly worn and sadly in need of repairs. A change is nice to contemplate, but to say "good-bye" to something that has been a part of us for three years is another thing. We tell ourselves that we'll never let the familiar faces fade from our memories, that the bright and cheerful corridors of the Convalescent Home and the dim, cheerless wards of the Pythian Temple can't be forgotten—but, they will fade as others have in a new life that is filled with newer faces and newer duties. We'll forget how we hated to get up at five-thirty in order to catch the first bus, and the mad rush we had to make to get in by ten o'clock. We'll see that those little things have made us more of a real person.

Life is only beautiful when we know that there is something ahead waiting for us better than our usual surroundings. So, let us regard these three years spent at Charity as a stepping stone to a better and fuller life.

It is not with sadness that we say "Farewell," but with gladness, for we know that there are some things we learned in our student nurse life that will make and keep us content throughout the days to come.

Scenes of Old Charity

"To be a Nurse is to walk with God
Along the path that our Master trod—"

COULD there be a profession with a more noble purpose? A life's work more useful and inspiring? Yet, this in truth is the very basis of our nursing work. It is this ideal that should be uppermost in our thoughts as we attend our duties day by day. The good we may accomplish as we work must not be considered the result of our efforts alone. It is the Great Physician working through us that brings about recovery. But, even with such an inspiration we often become selfish and, perhaps, egotistical. On the contrary, we should feel gratefully humble to have been chosen for such a service.

It is a high and often difficult standard we must maintain. For we, as nurses, are looked upon as "smiling angels of mercy who must watch patiently and gently beside the sick bed—soothing, cheering, and instilling spirit and life into minds and hearts that have been darkened by misfortune." Thus, our ministrations should be twofold—service to the body and to the mind. For, what have we gained in healing the physical being if the spirit is still broken?

In this modern world of ours it is so easy to think only of the material —forgetting the very essence upon which this material is based. In thinking this way, however, we rob nursing of its most noble background, its greatest inspiration. Let us pray day by day throughout the years to come that we may work hand in hand assisting the Greatest Physician of all Eternity.

MEMORIES

Late again!

Classes

"Have you heard?"
No — Really-!??!

That - "Where's
My wandering boy tonite?" - Look.

Some of the finest inspirational bits of creative work ever accomplished by would-be artists, have been done under the spur of a would-be lecture.

Gosh! 7:10 and
a 7:30 date!!!!

Interest
(Honest!)

Polite (?) and
Partial Boredom

Complete Abandon
or
"I give up."

New Life at Charity

The Ideal Nurse

The ideal nurse is one with whom you can trust your most precious earthly possessions, the life of some one dear to you or your own life. You know that she has mastered an art, as old as life itself, so thoroughly as to be versed in the most modern methods. And, because she is possessed of those qualities of character that make the application of her skill the safest and gentlest possible, you do not hesitate to place yourself in her care.

The ideal nurse has as her aim the physical and mental restoration of her patient. To do this effectively, she makes things the least uncomfortable for him; hence, she shows an unswerving loyalty to the physician in charge and to the authorities by whom she is employed, because she realizes that only by the diligent observance of the doctor's orders can her goal be attained. She is aware of the powerful effect that faith in the physician and in the nurse exerts upon the sick.

The ideal nurse is not a sentimentalist who weeps and wails at the troubles of the suffering, but rather a scientist who tenderly practices her theory upon broken bodies, afflicted minds, and tortured spirits. She has a high regard for human dignity and would no more think of shocking the delicate sensibilities of her charge by a harsh word or an unkind act than she would think of striking him a physical blow.

To prince and pauper alike the ideal nurse gives her talent. She sees in every hoary brow and sunken chest, her father's graying temple and bowed head; the furrowed hands folded in a tired lap are her mother's clasped in prayer; each curly childish lock brings memories of her little brother's golden hair; in the blushing girl who stands before her now, she sees her younger sister, sweet and shy. The ideal nurse gives her services to all alike, regardless of age, creed, or position.

Soft is her voice then; kind, her acts; gentle, her touch; and, her prayer:

"Oh God, I love Thee in the stars at night
Under the still eternity of sky;
Teach me to love Thee in the passerby,
Teach me by the tears of Calvary
To know Thee in the eyes of all that weep. Amen."

Commencement Exercises

Program

Master of Ceremony ..... *Dr. William D. Phillips*
Member Board of Administrators

Processional, "Pomp and Circumstances"
by Edward Elgar ..... *String Ensemble*

Invocation ..... *Reverend Girault Jones*

"La Golondrina" by N. Serradell ..... *String Ensemble*

Address of the Evening ..... *Ben C. Casanas*
Member Board of Administrators

"Waves of the Danube" by I. Ivanoviei ..... *String Ensemble*

Awarding of Diplomas and Honors

Benediction ..... *Reverend Girault Jones*

Recessional, "Coronation March" by G. Meyerbeer ..... *String Ensemble*

Music by

KARL KILINSKI STRING ENSEMBLE

Violinists

KENNETH AUTIN, SIDNEY COOK, PETER SCHMIDT, JOSEPH GUERRA

Pianist

MISS MYRTLE GROSS

HONORS AWARDED

Honor Pin

HAZEL PIERCE

Highest Scholastic Record

MILDRED FRANK LEE

Scholarships in Anesthesia

First Scholarship ..... ROSA MACIAS

Second Scholarship ..... AVA MAUDE GRAY

Graduating Class of 1938

Top Row—Helen Bassett, Victoria Pepera, Maria Garcia, Ella Roussell, Van Ola Bailey, Eva Alexander, Helen Hoffman, Ruth Sweet.

Middle Row—Otto Lee Gunter, Lucy Gossard, Rosa Macias, Mary LaFleur, Mary Brennan, Gen Christiansen, Ava Gray, Catherine McDonald, Agnes Posecai.

Seated—Thelma Johnstone, Josephine McDonald, Irene Scanlan, Molly Stockemer, Hazel Pierce, Mildred Frank Lee, Ruth Whetstone, June Whiting, Alice Maloy.

Honor Graduates

Hazel Pierce | Mildred Frank Lee | Rosa Macias | Ava Maude Gray

DOGS
Allowed

MISSOURI PACIFIC TRAILWAYS
506

Reminiscences of Probation Days

'Twas about August the thirtieth, 1935, when one of Uncle Sam's mailmen brought me a letter from Sister Henrietta. Gee! for a minute I was afraid to open it, fearing that the September Class was full, and I would have to wait until February. Nevertheless, I opened it. As I read, "You have been accepted for our next class which begins September 5th," my heart began palpitating (I've learned such technical words since I've been here) faster and faster.

I was filled with the eagerness of life's journey which lay before me. I was a little "chicken-hearted," as it were, about leaving home and left with a pang of regret. Parting is one of the saddest things known.

Wanting to get here in plenty of time, I left home at 5:45 A. M., September 4th. I arrived in New Orleans at 12:30 noon, almost scared to death. I imagine others in our class were in the same predicament.

I came to the Nurses' Home and met Sister and some of the girls. I was then shown to my room which had four beds—meaning I was to have three roommates. Of course, none of them would be in to greet me.

In my chain of memories, I remember that afternoon very distinctly. After I unpacked a few things, one of the girls came and told me she was one of my roommates. She told me that Miss Pierce, another, would be in the next day, and that she would take me to see the third of the quartette, Miss Gossard, who was in the infirmary as the result of a tonsillectomy.

After wending our way across the campus to the Convalescent Home, we took the elevator to the second floor. When we walked into the Infirmary, Miss Gossard was begging her mother to let her go home with her that afternoon. (Sister still teases her about this). Well, *I* thought that she was just going to be a homesick girl all the time, and *she* thought she wouldn't like me for a roommate. But, these feelings were only for the first week. We stayed together so much after that, that people began to call us the "gold dust twins." Some people still get us confused, but we can't figure that out.

Next day we started classes with a bang! Principles of Nursing, Anatomy, History of Nursing, Hygiene, Ethics, and what have you. As soon as one was finished another would start. I remember, as most of the others do, the day we started Bacteriology (Bugology). The teacher said, "You are responsible for every word in the book"—meaning spelling, et cetera. This is one subject we really studied—not exactly because we wanted to, but we had to.

Then, in a few months we started going on the wards for a few hours every day and then a half day on Saturdays. All of us enjoyed this, even though we were terribly green.

How well do I remember the first day I was on the ward, Colored Female Surgery. One of the house doctors (gone but not forgotten) asked me to get a dressing tray. The ward nurse was on her hours off. I had no idea what he wanted, but decided I'd go into the dressing room and look for the tray or a nurse to help me out. But to my dismay I could find neither. I suppose the doctor either got tired of waiting, or he knew how dumb I was—the result being that he came and said, "Do you mind if I help you, little lady?" And I said, "No, sir, I wish you would." And he did. Imagine my embarrassment!

About six of us were on the same floor, and none of us knew much. One day one of the graduate nurses told us a patient was expiring. It was the first death we witnessed at Charity. No visitors were with the patient. One of the prob's tried to feel a pulsation at the patient's wrist and said, "This patient is still living, I can still feel her pulse." When the graduate told her if she felt any pulse it was her own, she turned almost as white as the sheet.

Imagine one of the prob's embarrassment when a doctor who was dressing a case asked a student nurse to bring him a probe, an instrument, and she brought in a prob, a nurse. Was the student's face red? Yes, slightly. But the probs weren't the only ones who made mistakes in those days.

One day a patient in my ward was to get a transfusion. Some of us stayed overtime to see it. Everything *would* go "haywire." After the blood was taken from the donor, it was discovered that they would have to "cut down" on the vein of the recipient. If I had been on a snipe hunt, I would say "they left me holding the bag"; but since it was a transfusion, I'll say they left me holding the blood and stirring all the time. Pretty tiresome, since this was my first time and I, fearing all the while I might do something wrong. We stayed about an hour overtime. That's the interest of a prob. I wonder if we lose some of it after we are capped!

Probation—five months of study, worry, work, life, love, laughter, bitterness, strife, ideas, ideals, homesickness, anxiety, and hope. Dreams coming true—or were they? We hoped so.

Capping! We stood with red candles in our hands and lumps in our throats, while our beloved Sister Stanislaus placed our caps on our heads. We repeated the Nightingale Pledge and solemnly avowed we would abide by its teachings. Our prob days were ended and our days of duty and responsibility were begun—"The Lady with the Lamp carries on."

HUMOR

Dilemma of a New Nurse

Dear me! Somebody must have broken a bottle of Iodine. That odor is terrific. Now let me see which way do I go—oh, yes. This way —there is the supervisor.

"Good morning, I am Miss Blank. I was sent—yes, this is my first day, but don't be afraid to ask me to do anything because I've had worlds of experience—why I nursed Aunt Jane when she had her tonsils out and I was only fourteen. I also have a baby brother whom I carry everywhere I go. I know exactly when his bottle is due. And Caesar, our cat, got sick because he ate too many sardines, and I nursed it for three days straight, and it died! And I used to give Mother medicine every four hours, night and day, and at night I set the alarm clock—what? Oh, yes, I have assisted the doctor a great deal—our family doctor said I was a genteel little —what? Yes, mam, I'll love to take the temperatures for you. Just anything I can do to help. Yes, I'll run along.

(Five minutes later). "Oh, Miss Jones. Yoo hoo! Mrs. Brown in bed two bit the end of her thermometer off and swallowed it; I hope you don't make me pay for it because mother says I can only spend . . . Mam? Call the doctor? Why call the doctor? Oh, it's really dangerous? But, I don't see a doctor. Call him? Oh, Doctor! Yoo hoo! Oh, on the telephone. How stupid of me! Where do I call him? I really don't think I ought to disturb him. Doctors have such a hard life. I'll bet he's sleeping. I hate to wake him up. Oh, I'm quite willing to do anything I can to help.

"Oh, hello, hello. What do I want? I want the doctor. Which doctor? Why, the family doctor for Mrs. Brown in bed two. You see, she bit the thermometer I put in her mouth. I hate to do this, but Miss Jones spoke quite sharply to me, so I guess you'd better go ahead. What? Oh, yes, wait just one minute, operator. Miss Jones is saying something. Yes, Miss Jones. Oh, call Dr. Brown. Yes, operator, oh, operator, call Dr. Brown. Now be sure and tell him—oh, hello, is this Dr. Brown? You have the nicest voice. I'll bet you're a good doctor, too. What? No, this isn't a joke—I want you to know how I hated to disturb you because I know what a hard life you lead—what did you say—oh, no doctor, I'm quite sane—now you're kidding me. Miss Jones told me to call you. I can't see why though. Mrs. Brown in bed two bit the end of the thermometer off and swallowed it, but she didn't die and I—what, oh operator, did he hang up? Oh, all right, you don't have to yell so.

"Yes, Miss Jones, I'm coming. Oh, is the doctor here already? Well, Miss Jones, although I've had quite a bit of actual experience I must admit I don't know much about technical terms. Oh, he's going to wash out her stomach? But that will be dreadful, oh, gracious! (In lowered tones) Miss Jones do all the doctors swear like that? Why our family doctor at home—why Miss Jones, you say you'd like to swear too? What? Oh, yes, I can be quiet for five minutes if it will help you to . . . oh! doctor you mustn't, you can't put that thing in her mouth. Miss Jones (weakly) I . . . I . . . PLOP! (Young nurse faints).

FINIS

NO PARKINC
IN THIS SPAC

ANY NURSE

I am the young woman who lives in her shoes,
My money all goes to pay pledges and dues;
If I stop to buy clothes or any such trash,
Some "object" sends in an appeal for its cash;
My errands, my business, my church going,—all
Are planned, done and finished in view of a "call"
My patients are scattered from Guilford to Relay,
My bag must be packed without pause or delay,
By limousine, omnibus, railroad or car
I am whisked away breathless wherever they are;
Church, hospital, clubhouse—to store, bank or shop.
I rush around madly with never a stop—
All over the city my rubber heels fly—
Was ever a trained nurse as busy as I?
To care for the sick—to earn money—to give—
Is there any other incentive to live?
When I reach Heaven's gate, will St. Peter, St. Paul
Say, "Get ready at once, don't unpack,
There's a call?"

A Nurse's Room

Nurses' Home Lobby

Nurses' Dining Room

Impressions of Charity Collected at Random

An old vacant lot—filled to capacity with pilings, cranes, ditches, and dugouts—foundation of the new hospital.

A skeleton of steel, scraping upward—toward the sky, beautiful in strength and in what it symbolizes! A beauty, penetrated by many reminiscences of "Old Charity."

The fish pond—an ancient Creole relic—which witnessed many a nurse's visit by day; many a nurse's romance by night (home nights).

142—just a part of the unpainted shelters that guarded an unknown quantity of colored patients with their various ailments and "miseries."

The Miles—seven operating rooms—whizzing with work—shining—that clean. The "amp" always cluttered with figures in white, composed solely of eyes, ears, and note books.

The Observation Room, and outside, those well-trod halls, night nurses peering enviously out at evening dresses floating by on their way to the boat and gathering many a laugh as these same figures came rushing back —trying to get in before that 12:30 late was up.

218 and Sister Mary Elizabeth. (Sincerest regrets are extended to the students who may never have the pleasure of working on a ward under the supervision of that marvelous personality). And Sister, if you please, take one of those cute little bows.

Yells, screeches, and "I want my mama" noises—262 after visiting hours.

Odors of ether, collodion, butesin picrate, and blood. Traces of splints, clinic slips—A.T.S.—Accident Room.

More fun! More babies squalling, more merthiolate bottles overturned. More patients being scrubbed and examined—more "blessed events" taking place—good old 334.

And to think, we nurses lived here, my, my, this very same floor held the '38 Seniors—a bevy of noises—Ella Roussell making her nightly visits from room to room—Wiggin (Winnie Fred) and Johnstone poking their heads out in response to every buzz of the buzzer and yelling "Who?" Young ladies in pajamas and robes, stealing down to Miss Flynn's kitchen to scorch chocolate and burn toast. Everybody in the hall at the head of

the stairs to watch for "Our Ma" making rounds. Here she comes! mad scramble—giggles—lights out.

TIME—The night before exams.

PLACE—The bathroom.

SCENE—Negligees and robes surrounding weary figures, draped negligently over chairs and bathroom stools—burning the midnight oil and cramming.

TIME—The night after eating chicken salad.

PLACE—The same.

SCENE—Negligees and robes surrounding miserable, choking, white-faced, nauseated nurses, draped wretchedly over wash basins, tubs, and so forth.

CLIMAX—An epidemic of Ptomaine Poisoning in the Nurses' Infirmary.

The good old dazes!

FLASH—Picture of Molly D. Stockemer—gazing in forlorn amazement, hair askew, at a long green shaft with two remaining bristles--the remnants of a tooth brush Molly had autoclaved.

A room with dimmed lights, the glow from red candles, reflecting in earnest young faces. A hushed silence—"I solemnly pledge myself before God"—the Nightingale Pledge. "Be good to our poor people!"—Sister Stanislaus.

Now we must part with all these places
Give up our lot to newer faces
To take a step upon our own
And follow the path that we've been shown.

THE LADY OF THE LAMP

Whene'r noble deed is wrought,
Whene'r is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words and deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp.
The starved and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo, in that house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the walls.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast,
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand,
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Autographs

Autographs

Autographs